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APPROVED



THANK YOU
TO
EVERYONE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THIS MAGAZINE



HOW TO SHOOT PEOPLE IN THE FACE

Bang

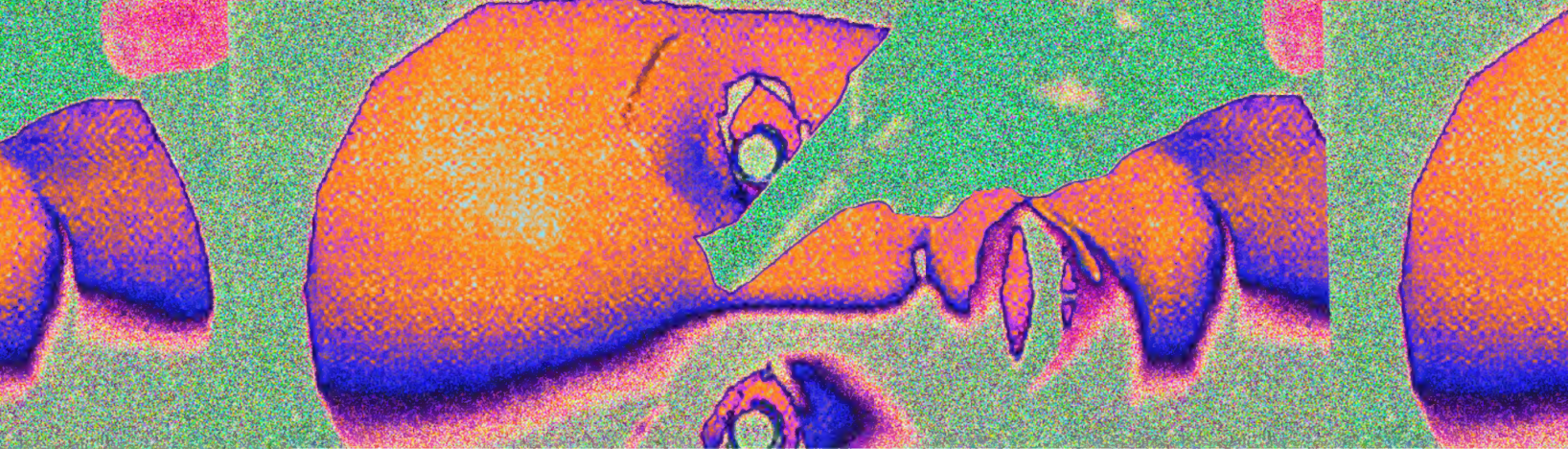
When you shoot someone in the face you want them dead. No last words, no gargling, groaning, or grasping. You want them to ragdoll on the floor. How embarrassing would it be if you pulled out your gun, pointed at their face, and then failed to erase their head from existence? How much worse would it be if they just got up and stabbed you to death unfazed by the bullet you just attempted to place somewhere in the distance behind their skull? While difficult for the mind that has been addled by watching their avatar perform millions of headshots on their glowing obsidian slab to grasp, people do in fact survive getting shot in the face all the time. People even survive shooting themselves in the face. On September 19th, 1863 on a grassy plain near Brock Field Tennessee, Private Jacob Miller was marching amidst a hail of lead. Miller was positioned directly in front of his commander, when his company stopped to let loose a volley. He brought his rifle up, his elbow high, bone stacked on bone in preparation to shoot, but the shot never came. When Jacob Miller came to, there was nobody he knew in sight. The shot of the sniper aiming for his commander had fallen low. He was so completely covered in blood that at a distance it was not even clear if he was a confederate or a yank. Limping back to where he supposed his line to be, he came upon a confederate soldier who was scouting the position of the union line. The man took pity on him and gave him a swig of water from his canteen, then pointed him in the direction of his compatriots. His eyes nearly swollen shut, Miller swerved back and forth down an old by road, stopping to pull up his right eyelid with his hand only when he walked right directly into something or fell off the

1 It is no coincidence that Joilet sounds like Toilet. What a nasty, icky, yucky, unpleasant, disagreeable, foul, vile, loathsome, revolting, repulsive place. The prison is easily the least shitted abode of choice. Coastal yuppie faggots will hate on Illinois for being a flyover state while listening to Sufjan Stevens, but I wouldn't even want to fly over Joilet unless I were looking to contract, by means of sympathetic correlation, GAY AIDS.

side of the road. He continued in this way limping along for nigh on 15 miles until when, after a stumble, he again forced up his right eyelid and saw the field hospital in the distance, collapsing right then and there on the side of the road. They brought him by stretcher to a hospital tent where he was surrounded by the dead and dying until nightfall. "[we were] lying with hundreds of other wounded on the floor almost as thick as hogs in a stock car". Miller begged the surgeons to do something, to do anything, to help him, but there was nothing in the book that could help a gaping hole directly in between his eyebrows. He was told that he would die. On the 21st in light of the confederate advance, ambulance wagons were retreating with the best of the wounded back to Chattanooga, but Miller was told he was too badly wounded to be taken along. Determined not to become a prisoner, Miller stumbled his way out of the tent and followed the wagons as best he could. In an interview with the Joilet¹ paper in 1911, Miller recounts "I worked my way along the road as best I could. At one time I got off to the side of the road and bumped my head against a low hanging limb. The shock toppled me over, I got up and took my bearings again and went on as long as I could not drag a foot then lay down beside the road, to see if I could not rest so I could move. I hadn't lain long till the ambulance train began to pass." Miller asked the driver of an ambulance if he could climb up in the back. The driver told him that he might as well, since everyone in the back had already snuffed it. On he went to Chattanooga. "On Monday, September 21st, I came to myself and found I was in a long building in Chattanooga, Tennessee, lying with hundreds of other wounded on the floor almost as thick as hogs in a stock car. Some were talking, some were groaning. I raised myself to a sitting position,

got my canteen and wet my head. While doing it, I heard a couple of soldiers who were from my company. They could not believe it was me as they said I was left for dead on the field at the left of Brock Cabin. They came over to where I was and we visited together till then came an order for all the wounded that could walk to start across the river on a pontoon bridge to a hospital, to be treated ready to be taken to Nashville. I told the boys if they could lead me, I could walk the distance. They came to a narrow bridge, and were forced to wait until nightfall as scores of men and cannons crossed. "The next morning, we awoke to the crackling of the camp fire. We got a cup of coffee and a bite of hard tack and fat meat to eat. While eating, an orderly rode up and asked if we were wounded. If so, we were to go back along the road to get our wounds dressed, so we bid the teamsters good-bye and went to get our wounds attended to. That was the first time my wound was washed and dressed by a surgeon." I remember I was stripped and in a bath tub of warm water in a hospital at Nashville. I do not know what date it was, in fact, I didn't pay much attention to the dates from the Friday at noon when I got in the box car at Bridgeport to start to Nashville. After some length of time, I was transferred to Louisville, Kentucky. From there to New Albany, Indiana. In all the hospitals I was in, I begged the surgeons to operate on my head, but all refused." After nine months of suffering there Miller received a pass to go home, where at his local hospital the surgeons finally removed most of a musket ball from his head, the wound however, remained open. He would from there be transferred to the army hospital in Madison where he would spend the rest of the civil war, before returning to civilian life. For the remainder of his life parts of the ball would continue to work their way out through his skin and eye socket.



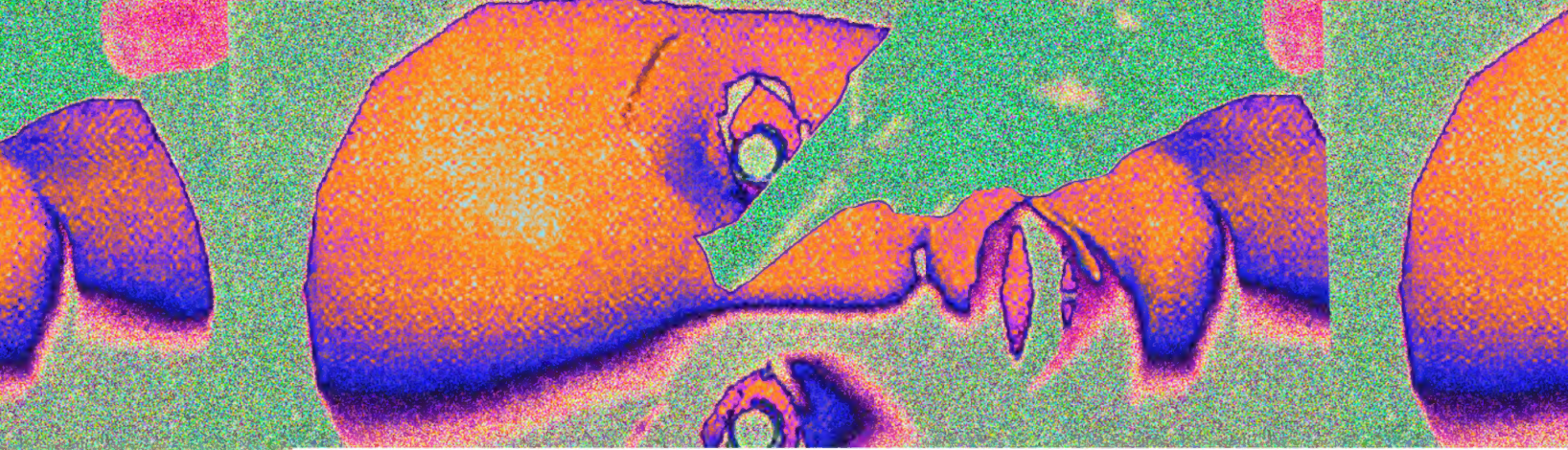


He died at the age of 87. Though the story of Jacob Miller seems superlative it is far from special. Hundreds of accounts from all wars record such stories of men being shot in the face and surviving. Even a cursory viewing of body cam footage from your local mall will muster up some evidence of a man eating lead like captain crunch without expiring until several shots later. So if you're going to shoot someone in the face and you wouldn't care for them to live to the age of 87, or even 87 more seconds, you should learn to do it correctly. The head is itself inherently an appealing target. If you look in the mirror, you can plainly see that the forehead comprises the vast majority of your goofy ass skull. If you're especially fortuitous, or are privy to the grand gift of infraborean heritage you can see that even by smacking your skull with a two-by-four as hard as you can repeatedly (you know you want to), your forehead will continue to persevere in its integrity, protecting your squishy wriggly brain from any serious harm. This is why, even though the prospect is appealing, shooting people directly in between the eyes is a serious faux pas and will oftentimes make you look like a silly silly dumb dumb when your assailant (or perhaps victim) continues to live. Furthermore, bullets, like most things, take the path of least resistance. The upper portion of your skull is (hopefully) generally globular in a spherical sort of way, with the significance being that a bullet shot at it will in many cases skirt the outside around the edge one way or another and go careening off into the ether. The other part of your skull, namely the lower bit, features chiefly the jaw, the teeth, the tongue and all the other fairly unimportant squishy bits. You can with great ease find many instances of people who are struck with a new vigor and lust for life after shooting these bits off with a shotgun from below, and continue to persist for several more decades. A caveat to this is the spinal column running up the back where it connects to your brain stem. This is the lightswitch of the body, and it carries all the neuro-transmission to the rest of your flesh automaton. If you have ever ventured into watching interviews with lobotomy patients, or attended classes at your local university, you may

have noticed that people still function surprisingly well with areas of their brains removed. This being the case, we must endeavor to shoot people in, or otherwise disrupt, their brainstems. The brainstem is a teeny tiny weeny thing in comparison to the other portions of the head, and so it would be really quite difficult to hit it exactly, but thankfully we have the power of Cavitation on our side. Terminal ballistics is full of big words, but what it really boils down to is that bullets almost always create a larger area of damage than their immediate size, meaning that for the purpose of rendering the brainstem unable to effectively communicate, it is enough to be in the correct general area. While a general knowledge of anatomy is useful for shooting people in the face, most of us do not own *They Live*™ (1988) [R] © Glasses, and so a reference point or series of points is needed to be quick and accurate. You have seen targets that feature the "bowling ball", the "T" or the "credit card". I wish I could shoot every credit card in existence, the plastic ones not the fleshy ones, yes even the AMEX PLATINUM. Anyway, it is often said that the eyes are the window to the soul. They also happen to be the window to disconnecting someone's soul from their body. One is of course not a number at all, being not even or odd, and the dyad, is as Agrippa said in *De Occulta Philosophia* that Eusebius said "Pythagoras [...] unitatem deum esse dicebat et bonum intellectum: dulcitatem vero daemone ac malum, in quo materialis est multitudo: quare Pythagorici dicunt bianrium non esse numeru, sed confusionem quandam unitatum. . . ² , and well that Pythagoras guy seems like a real whiz kid with the numbers so I say we take his word for it and use something else, creating a trinity of the eyes and nose which makes a T. Trinity starts with a T too if you haven't noticed, which is very fitting. If three things done be too much for you to keeps track of, just remember that we took two things and made them one, but added another, and then condensed that double back to something singular, and that should sort out any confusion. Now you just have one thing to focus on, that's also 3 things, but maybe more if you want to think of it that way. Now that we understand where

we want to place the rounds, we must begin to understand how to accomplish that. Aiming with a gun is not just "point and click", as many assume. On a conceptual level, aiming takes place in a perfect line, while the trajectory of a bullet is an arc. This is why the line of aim can only intersect with the trajectory of the arc of the bullet at two points. Because of this, you will at most distances have to aim at a place other than where you want the bullet to impact. Further complicating this, it is for obvious reasons impossible to wholly co-locate one's aiming device with the aperture from which the bullet exits. This is why your aiming device is placed on top (or if you are an aging contrarian crypto-homosexual, on the side) of your barrel. We call this phenomenon mechanical offset, or height over bore. To illustrate the concept we will start with the most basic example. If you were to take whatever gun and put the muzzle against someone's face right in the middle of the "T" ISIS execution style, then look down the sights you would find yourself gazing somewhere in the middle of his forehead, or perhaps even over his head entirely. This distance between where the bullet exits, and where you are aiming is what we are trying to defeat. Naturally, as a person's distance grows closer to the first point at which your line of aim intersects the arc of the bullet, the offset between the point of aim and point of impact grows smaller. It is however extremely impractical to try to establish a different point of aim for each point in space to compensate for this difference, and so we will find an easily identifiable feature on a person that puts the impact of our rounds somewhere within in the "T", then through repetition learn to roughly adjust downwards as the distance to the first intersection of the point of aim and point of impact grows smaller. There's a lot of words here, but really this is a very simple thing. You don't need a team of 47 Germans with calipers to find a landmark corresponding to a place on people's skulls that is the same distance from the middle of their noses as your aiming device is above your bore. The same concepts apply at distance. Pick an identifiable feature on the human figure that is the same distance away from the place you want the bullet

²Liber secundus, capitulum quintum. No translation will be provided.



to go as your point of aim is from the point of impact at that distance. Estimating distance is sometimes a tricky concept for people who lack a natural aptitude, but there are some easy short-cuts to this process. When using even a simple dot style optic the dot is bound to be a certain size, which is measured in MOA (minute of angle). If you know the MOA of the dot you know how large of an area the dot represents at any given distance, e.g. a one MOA dot at 100y represents a circle

with a diameter of one inch, a two inch diameter circle at 200, three at 300, and so forth. With this knowledge even the most mentally feeble persons can quickly and accurately estimate range. Some optics, such as the EO-TECH HWS EXPS3, have a larger ring around the dot that is about the height of a man at 100 yards. The process is even more accurate with a magnified optic with indications for mils or other such angle marking, but that's a whole different topic. If you lack an optic

because you are poor and too cowardly to indefinitely borrow someone else's optic without notice, the same process works for irons, but in this case one would use the width of the front sight post in comparison to the torso of the target to estimate the distance. After all this has been done, the only thing left is to pull the trigger without moving the gun. Good luck.

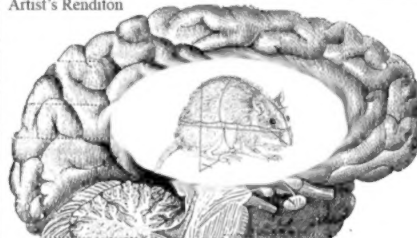


A most SINCERE APOLOGY...

Recent developments related to our latest non-stick repellent, lubricant, iridescent, solvent, and rust inhibitor, **BLISTASTERIDE™**, have caused upset among our corporation and the public court of opinion. Prior to the events that occurred recently, we had no knowledge this product was carcinogenic and highly genotoxic in the human body. The condition known as "Brain Rodents" or "Brain Rats" was also unforeseen and very unfortunate for the consumers of our product. As a result of this misstep in corporate policy, lower management positions have been thoroughly reprimanded and terminated. As a show of our support to our loyal customers and vendors, we are offering a one time rebate (with eligible receipt and serial number on product container) of \$50 to those who have been diagnosed with a condition as a result of use of our product. Incidents like these go against the mission and ethos of the DOW Corporation and in the words of our Founder Herbert Henry Dow, "**The Customer is Our Bottom Line.**"

This statement is endorsed by the Dow Chemical Corporation®

Artist's Renditon



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10,000 Units/mL 20,000 Units

ES UNA SALSA... PARA SALSA...



Downtown Living

A local expert shares insights into condos, cuisine, economics and more!

Cyndee Bynum Ledbetter-Jones

Lower East side blocks are attracting new buyers of all stripes of Jewish, Chinese, and thumotically defunct computer slaves hoping to cut a buck and lead us into a bright new future. We spoke with a local entrepenur and part time realtor to find out the latest.

Johann Archyebeque

Entrepreneur, Surfer, Indoor Trilobite Farmer

Johann Archyebeck is a lower east side native specializing in organic precambrian foodstuffs, and nocturnal leveraged traphouse buyouts. He owns 37 black powder revolvers, and spends his sundays at the canal with his pet anomalocaris Lewis.

What's the downtown condo market like right now?

Same as always really, selling crack in the condos is looking pretty bullish for the summer however, especially in comparison to the unseasonably bearish fake cart market. Depending on the alderperson election results, quantitative easing within the CARTNiTE stock may see the return of down averages in various aspects of similar asset classes.

Um, okay, who would you say is the most influential in the downtown scene right now?

I'd have to say Frank Cioffozonga. There just really isn't a comparison. When you weigh at least 6 pounds (2.7 kilos) with an impenetrable gray coat, and a 4 inch tail, every garbage heap is basically your oyster. By extension His nubile waddling has garnered him through both force and guile an insurmountable force of young. There's just no comparison really.

I'm sorry, who?

I just told you, Frank Cioffozonga.

You just said he was 6 pounds and has a tail?

I did yes.

Okay, I'm confused, are we talking about a man here or some kind of rodent?

An Italian.

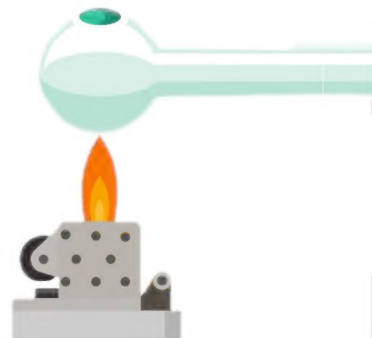
Do you think that continuing trends of down-sized porches will lead to opportunities in other areas?

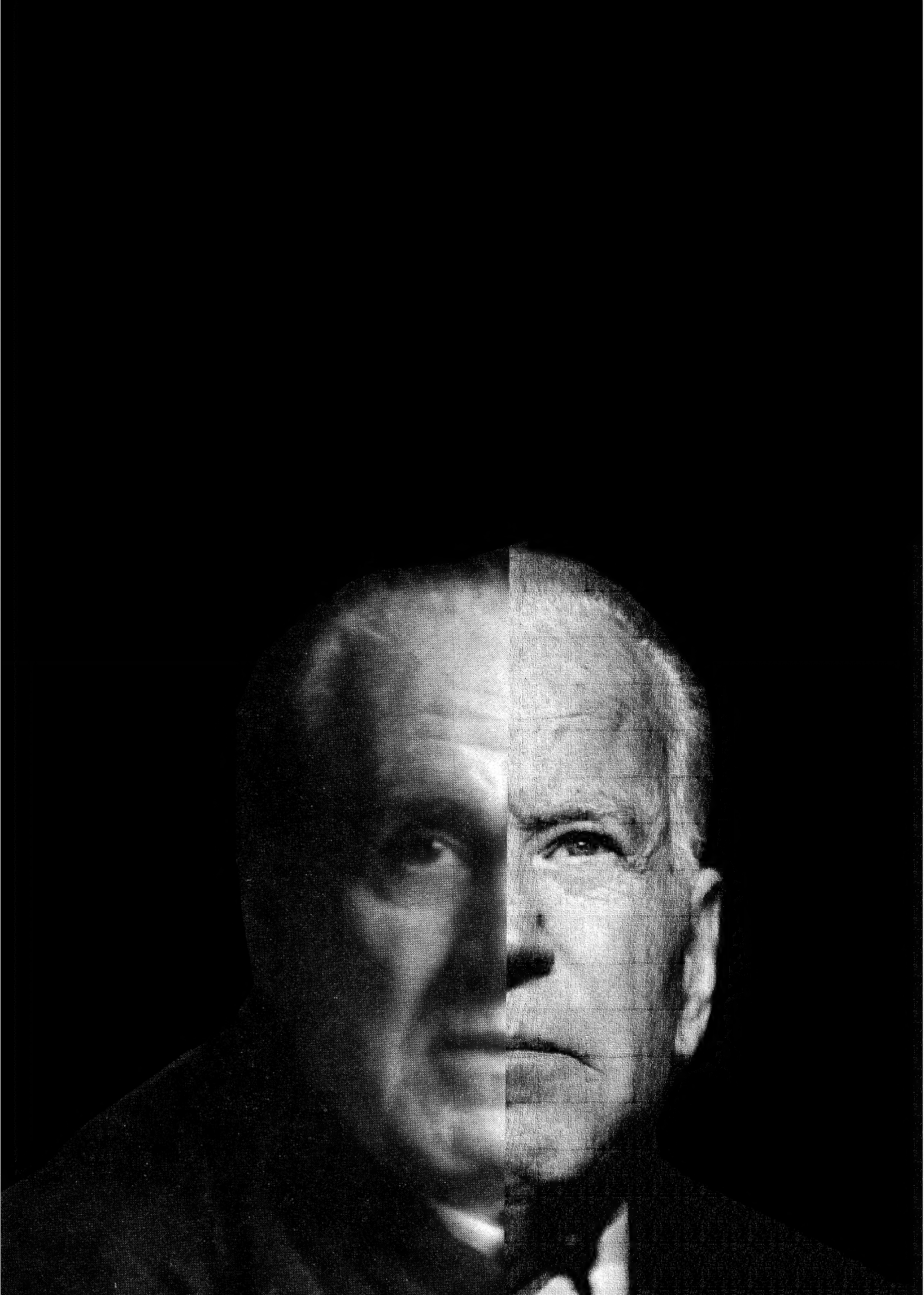
The reality of the situation is that increased gross load has caused many porches to collapse beginning in 2009. I can't claim to personally be a part of the early group of cinder block investors, but we'll just say that when the new McRib comes out we'll see some fresh, breathable designs at a DIY price. That being said, however comma [sic] recent influxes of porch marmosets, lemurs, and various simian marsupials may see a more arboreal future of loitering.



What about clients downsizing? How do you make those moving into new, smaller spaces feel at home and involved in the community?

We carefully edit their belongings by going through and determining what items have the most meaning to them. Oftentimes their existing furnishing are too large, both in terms of size and style for the space. We're really invested in helping them adapt to a new aesthetic that's not just right for them, but right for the community. It's not uncommon for me to personally visit a client, be it at night, or during the middle of the day to have an in depth, and physically moving conversation. When we have this level of care and intimacy with clients helps me reach a desired look, while still making sure that their home is "them", and not just "me". If they ever change their minds, it's a simple process to get back to baseline with most of their old things as well. I update my posts on the Lower East Side Shoes and Electronic Exchange Facebook marketplace every lunar wednesday, and everything else goes right to Craigslist or that pawn shop across from the Payday Loans and Boost Mobile.





The soul of America is defined by the sacred proposition that all are created equal in the image of God.

Nothing is further from the truth than the claim that the American soul is 'open-minded' and unbiased; on the contrary, it is ridden with countless taboos of which people are sometimes not even aware.

And today, America's economy is faster, stronger than any other advanced nation in the world.

The entrepreneurs and employers have come to realise the importance of the 'human factor' in a productive economy, and that it is a mistake to ignore the individual involved in industry

We were in a battle for the soul

In the First World War the United States intervened in the role of 'the civilised world' par excellence





*"I Don't Believe in Long Runs and
I Am Against Doing Them"*

DIANNE KOUROS

Editorial Board:

YOU ACCOMPLISHED SO MUCH IN YOUR CAREER, SET SO MANY RECORDS. WHAT DO YOU VIEW AS YOUR GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT? WHICH OF YOUR WORLD RECORDS IS THE BEST – 24 HOURS, 48 HOURS OR 6 DAYS? WE SAID THE 24-HOUR RECORD IS THE BEST IN THE SPORT. DO YOU AGREE AND DO YOU STILL BELIEVE THAT THE 24-HOUR RECORD WILL "STAND FOR CENTURIES"? WHY WILL IT LAST SO LONG?

Thank you so much for approaching me to talk about all these issues! You are probably right about my 24h, but I also consider the 1000 miles as another great performance. Well, I said that because, as I was in that race of 24h in Adelaide and, especially towards the end, my mentality and my performing level was so high, that I was so much confident that nobody could do that using my way of natural running, the everlasting ideal of athleticism/following the fair-play rules and my inspirational mind.

I think that my records last so long because the majority of runners believe in fitness. Ultra-running is a mental sport that touches metaphysical aspects of the human [being] and this is the main reason why it is not for the masses. Organizers who leave it open and accepting everybody – regardless of their abilities – are wrong, using people who love running, while in those of the participants who do not belong to the sport, there is lack of self-knowledge.

Also my records remain I suppose because those who try to better them, they believe that they can improve themselves by doing longer or faster trainings. The secret does not lie in anything measurable. Another reason could be the fact that there are ex-marathoners or hyper-marathoners who find it difficult to see the difference in the term "ultra-running" and "hyper-marathon"/"super-marathon": Ultra-running –with "running" as () form of the verb that describes the way we approach running, meaning running beyond physical limits, while hyper-marathoning means running with fitness only.

But most important factor in this sport that plays a crucial role is that runners can't be successful if they are not self-sufficient and autonomous in their personal life, and there is probably lack of enough tragedies in their life to build inner stamina.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE IDEAL WAY TO RACE THE 24-, 48-HOUR AND 6-DAY RACES? LATER IN YOUR CAREER, YOU TOOK A MORE CONSERVATIVE PACING APPROACH TO 24 AND 48 HOURS. DO YOU THINK THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT OR WAS THAT BECAUSE YOU WERE GETTING OLDER? HOW MUCH WOULD YOU SLEEP (IF AT ALL) DURING THESE RACES? WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT A 48 VERSUS A 24 AND A 6-DAY VERSUS A 48?

Getting older you learn that more conservative pace supports the overall result in any distance beyond the marathon. I think that 6 day and 48h races have more relation as we enter the multi day notion, where we face the lack of sleep and severe muscular fatigue, so extra mental strength is needed, while the 24h is easier from this point of view, but is more demanding in terms of speed, strategy and fitness on top of the above.

There is no logic in this sport and using Western minded settings usually become a disaster. You have to take advantage of your feelings at races and be more secured at trainings.

REGRETS: DO YOU HAVE ANY REGRETS ABOUT YOUR CAREER? ANYTHING YOU THINK YOU COULD HAVE DONE BETTER? OR ANY RECORD THAT YOU REALLY THINK SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BIT FURTHER?

You make me laugh! There is no distance or time-limit event in which I performed with –not just ideal, but not even– good conditions, either personal or weather/course conditions. In any single event there is a big story behind [it], but I will summarize some with few words:

For 24h in Adelaide (1997, 303.5km), I was tired and stiff due to my participation in the 10km Australian University Championships, the same week just a few days before my 24h. All runners in the 10km were 19-23 y.o. except me who was 41. This is the reason I had my slowest ever marathon split during my 24h attempts! On top of that the track had no lights and some volunteers stand inside the inner line carrying torches fueled by kerosene, a fact that bothered my lungs for the entire night hours... A few months earlier, in Canberra, when the track was better and I was prepared for 312-320km I had stomach troubles after 12 hours, had to stop many times after 15 hours and then I end up with 295km WR, just 1km longer from what I had done previously in Melbourne, where

I was running in the 2nd-4th lane due to a heavy rain and other competitors who were walking in the inner lanes....! For 48h in '96, Surgeres (France) (473.797km), I fell down and broke 4 ribs, just in the last training before I flew from Athens. The gravel track was only 301 meters and we had to face the sun for 3 days, facts that kills you completely. Going back to Melbourne, where I was living, it took me more than 40 days to be able to walk or sleep without pain. I don't know what could be my performance if the track was 400 meters and I was free from injury, but my plan was to pass 510km. For the 6day race 2005 in Colac, Australia (1038.5km), where at the age of 49 I bettered my record, done 21y earlier, at the same bad track, my crew did numerous of faulty things with my shoes and soles and due to the bothered particles of the gravel surface that entering my foot I had to stop very often –in some cases every lap– wasting my time to try different running gear without solution from such mess and not right track which caused me lots of blisters, plus we had a hurricane on 4th or 5th day and I also had a hamstring injury on the last day that didn't allow me to run, but I managed to run metaphysically in the last couple of hours in order to better my record, a fact that cause me more damage to my leg. And a strange thing was that the lap-counting staff missed –I suppose from tiredness– lots of my laps, which I ran but wasn't credited to my performance. Considering all these odds, it is obvious that having the experience of 2005 I could pass the 1200km mark back in 1984 in New York, or 1150km in Colac the same year or even in 2005. The leader of my crew said to me just after the finish: "I apologize, you lost at least a couple of marathons just from our mistakes." Thinking only that one year I covered the Sydney to Melbourne 1011km in 5d 2h 27' it says a lot. Also that my split in the same course for 48h was 463km passing from many up-hills and down-hills that makes you stiff and exhausted. For the 1000 mile race in Flushing Meadow Park (NY) when I was ready in '87 to run it under 10 days, my knee become swelled during my flight from Athens to New York! So I diagnosed with knee cartilage damage and they decided to put me to a hospital for an operation, but I ran the first day of the event about 150 miles to please the organizers for inviting me there. The day after the operation took place. So I came the year after, when I wasn't so well, but I broke the record in 10d 10h 30'35". That was my only attempt.

I'VE BEEN TOLD BY ROBBIE BRITTON, THE 2015 BRONZE MEDALIST FOR THE 24-HOUR WORLDS, THAT YOU RAN NO MORE THAN 80 MPW AND OFTEN DID REPS OF 6 X 2K, 4 X 3K AND ALWAYS AROUND 12K OF VOLUME AND THAT YOU USED LONG RACES AS LONG RUNS. IS THAT ACCURATE? CAN YOU TELL US WHAT A TYPICAL WEEK WOULD BE LIKE? WERE THERE SEVERAL DAYS OF JUST EASY JOGGING?

It is accurate only in a way. I mean that I use to apply this tempo training of maximum 12k only 2-4 weeks prior my races. Before that and after races I may had periods of 3 to 9 months with complete pause from running, unless there was a schedule of a few back to back events. Very rarely I had some conservative runs of jogging 2-8km and this only when I wasn't involved with other activities. I am against the idea of training for 10-12 months per year. In other sports you could do that, but in ultra-running, doing so it may make you disappear from the scene after a few years.

I believe that what revives me is exactly the same thing that also kills me at the same time and I call it "eusiginisia," meaning becoming moved very quickly and from many sources. Beyond that it is an amalgam of my philosophy about life, the way of thinking, my national and local-country heritage, my love for poetry, my unique musical sensitivity and my ability to play with different rhythmic cells and modes, but also my experiences and memories–good and bad ones.

I was doing very rarely long runs at the beginning of my career, but I am sure this is the reason I became slower and weaker. Afterwards, when I change my opinion, even I was older, I was doing again well and even better without them! I don't believe in long runs and I am against doing them, as there is nothing to gain. No, I do not use races as long runs, because they both are bringing damages and injuries. But, when I am racing –no matter what the distance is– I am racing.

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU BARELY NEED TO SLEEP EVEN WHEN YOU AREN'T RUNNING? HOW MUCH DO YOU SLEEP PER NIGHT NOW? WHAT ABOUT WHEN YOU WERE COMPETING?

It depends on the level of the will, importance and priorities. When I did my studies in music and literature I was sleeping about 30' per 24h, because I wanted to give my best and finish as soon as possible. Before that, when I

was building my house in Greece and at the same time I had to be trained for races I used to sleep about two and a half hour per 24h. Now I sleep between 4-6 hours. My opinion is that this is not an ability, but a decision you have to make every time you face something. In my competitions, I was planning to sleep every day from the second day to the last one, by adding time each day, but this has nothing to do if I finally sleep or not, because it depends on what is in pain, the atmosphere and noises...

YOUR PERFORMANCE AT THE THE FIRST SPARTATHLON WAS SO SHOCKING THAT PEOPLE ACCUSED YOU OF CHEATING. WHAT WAS YOUR STRATEGY AT THE FIRST SPARTATHLON, PARTICULARLY THE TRAIL SECTION? DID YOU SCOUT THE COURSE? DID YOU EVER STRUGGLE (BECAUSE YOU CERTAINLY MADE IT LOOK EASY)?

I knew part of the course, especially the last third of it. I made a plan that I should cover it between 21 and 22 hours, in which I was in (21.53'). But I thought that those experienced runners who had also world records and great performances should finish in less time. I only had the confidence that I will be the first of my compatriots, as I knew them and I also had a test run of 100km the year before. The first half of the course we had seen a few days before - all runners by bus. I never thought it will be easy. In contrary, I considered it seriously but also heroically. But I was very upset when after Ancient Corinth the course was going north, and I realized that this has nothing to do with the road that Pheidippides took. I had strange feelings about the falsification of the history that was taking place once again in my country and at the same time, I had to work hard to find thought to make me keep going.

CURRENT: DO YOU PAY ATTENTION TO THE CURRENT ULTRAMARATHON SCENE? IF SO, WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE RUNNERS? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE RECENT BOOM IN POPULARITY OF ULTRARUNNING AND THE NEW FOCUS ON TRAIL RUNS? SPEAKING OF TRAILS, DID YOU EVER TRAIN ON TRAILS? DO YOU THINK YOU COULD DO WELL IN TRAIL RACES IF YOU FOCUSED ON IT?

In the last few decades may they came some good runners in the scene, but I don't follow as they really race based on fitness.

WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT SITUATION LIKE? ARE YOU DOING ANY RUNNING THESE DAYS? STILL MAKING MUSIC? WHAT MUSIC IS YOUR FAVORITE? WILL YOUR BOOK EVER BE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH?

I am still a hard worker, renovating old buildings. I am not running, unless I have an invitation to do so and I am attracted from an idea. I compose when there is an inspiration from a melody or rhythm that crosses my mind, but not as used to do in Melbourne, where I didn't have a house to worry about. I hope I will be more productive in the field of music and painting when I will prepare a place for each of those activities. My favorite music is "en-techno" with some characteristics of modulating from one mode to another and from one rhythm to another using a combination of instruments. Hard to understand if somebody has not such tradition.

My book is already translated into English and needs just a good publisher overseas.

WHAT WAS YOUR FAVORITE RACE OR PLACE TO RUN?

My road 24h record done in Basel, Switzerland, had a nice environment, but the course had sharp corners that slowed my performance, which looks lower than my track one of 303.5, but in terms of effort was much higher than that. I liked New Zealand as a place to run, most places of south part of Australia, Ohio, and Greece -but not throughout the year.

WHAT OTHER ULTRARUNNERS THAT YOU COMPETED AGAINST DID YOU MOST RESPECT?

In the early years, I met great runners and good characters. Amongst them are Dusan Mravlie (Croatia), Tomas Rusec (Czech Republic), Don Ritchie (Scotland), Richard Tout (NZ), Brian Smith (AUS) Rune Larson (Sweden), Stu Mittleman (USA), and many others good fellows.





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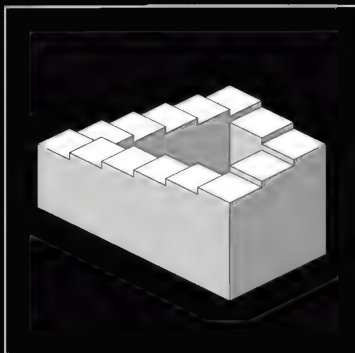
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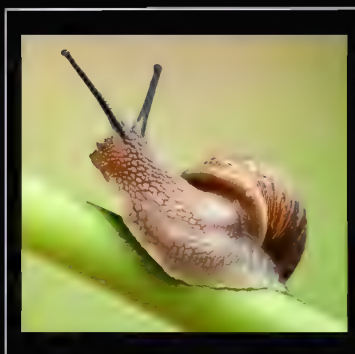
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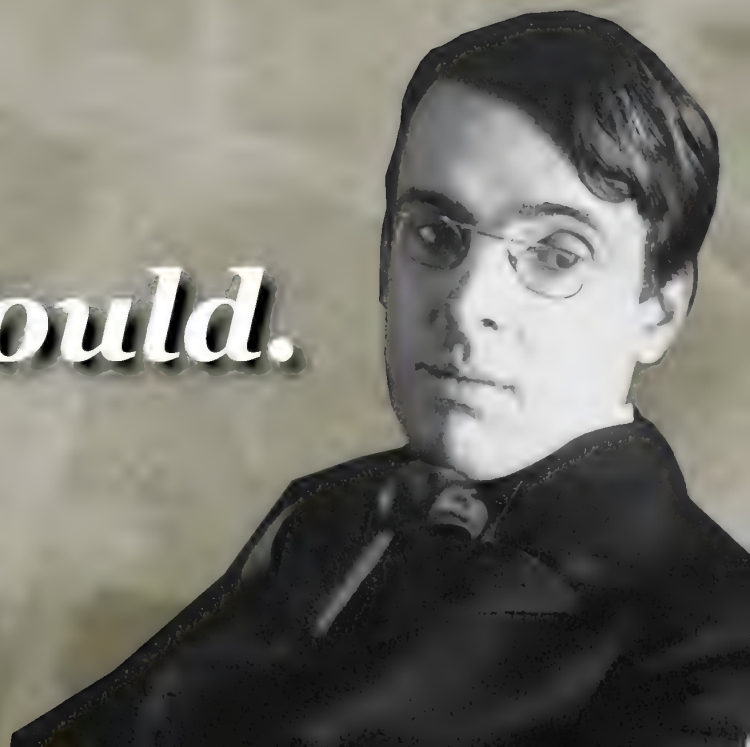
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Would.



Cam on Ingerlund scor som; fackin Goals

*Rupert Chawner Brooke
English Dandy "War" "Poet" & Sex Tourist*

POETRY OUT LOUD NOTE: Rupert Brooke, GAVE HIS LIFE for his country, after a most dreadful & dastardly mosquito bite suffered off the island of Σκύρος, where utterly NO buggery or unnatrual touching of any kind occurred, especially NOT on the sun baked rocky shores.



THE WORKS OF J. H. FAULKNER

THE LIFE OF THE
WEEVIL

CHAPTER I

THE OLD WEEVILS

IN winter, when the insect takes an enforced rest, the study of numismatics affords me some delightful moments. I love to interrogate its metal disks, the records of the petty things which men call history. In this soil of Provence, where the Greek planted the olive-tree and the Roman planted the law, the peasant finds coins, scattered more or less everywhere, when he turns the sod. He brings them to me and consults me upon their pecuniary value, never upon their meaning.

What matters to him the inscription on his treasure-trove! Men suffered of yore, they suffer to-day, they will suffer in the future: to him all history is summed up in that! The rest is sheer futility, a pastime of the idle.

I do not possess this lofty philosophy of indifference to things of the past. I scratch the piece of money with my fingernail, I carefully strip it of its earthy rind, I examine it with the magnifying-glass, I try to decipher its lettering. And my satisfaction is no small one when the bronze or silver disk has spoken. For then I have read a page of humanity, not in books, which

are chroniclers open to suspicion, but in records which are, in a manner, living and which were contemporary with the persons and the facts.

This bit of silver, flattened with the die, speaks to me of the Vocontii.¹

'vooc ... vocunt', says the inscription.

It comes from the small neighbouring town of Vaison, where Pliny the naturalist² sometimes spent a holiday. Here perhaps, at his host's table, the celebrated compiler learnt to appreciate the Becafico,² famous among the Roman epicures and still renowned to-day, under the name of Grasset, among our Provençal gastronomers. It is a pity that my bit of silver says nothing of these events, more memorable than any battle.

¹The Vocontii were a nation of Gauls inhabiting the Viennaise, between the Allobroges on the north, the Caturiges and the estates of King Cottius on the east, the Cavares on the west and the Memini and Vulgientes on the south. Vasio (Vocontia), now Vaison, was their capital

²The Garden Warbler, or Bush-pipet, a bird which is considered a great delicacy, especially in the autumn, when it feeds on figs, grapes and so on. Cf. *The Hunting Wasps*, by J. Henri Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos: chap. xii.—

It shows on one side a head and on the other a galloping horse, all barbarously inaccurate. A child trying its hand for the first time with a sharp-pointed stone on the fresh mortar of the walls would produce no more shapeless design. No, of a surety, those bold Allobroges were no artists.

How greatly superior to them were the foreigners from Phocæa! Here is a drachma of the Massalietes. On the obverse, a head of Diana of Ephesus, chub-faced, full-cheeked, thick-lipped. A receding forehead, surmounted by a diadem; an abundant head of hair, streaming down the neck in a cascade of curls; heavy ear-drops, a pearl necklace, a bow slung over the shoulder. Thus was the idol decked by the hands of the pious Syrian.

To tell the truth, it is not æsthetic. It is sumptuous, if you will, and preferable, after all, to the donkey's-ears which our modern beauties wear perched upon their heads. What a singular freak is fashion, so fertile in the means of uglification! Commerce knows nothing of loveliness, says this divinity of the traders; it prefers profit, embellished with luxury. So speaks the drachma.

On the reverse, a lion clawing the ground and roaring wide-mouthed. Not of to-day alone is the savagery that symbolizes power in the shape of some formidable brute, as though evil were the supreme expression of strength. The eagle, the lion and other marauders often figure on the reverse of coins. But reality is not sufficient; the imagination invents monstrosities: the centaur,

the dragon, the griffin, the unicorn, the double-headed eagle.

Are the inventors of these emblems so greatly superior to the Redskin who celebrates the prowess of his scalping-knife with a Bear's paw, a Falcon's wing or a Puma's tooth stuck in his hair? We may safely doubt it.

How preferable to these heraldic horrors is the reverse of our own silver coinage recently brought into circulation! It represents a sower who, with a nimble hand, at sunrise, fills the furrows with the good seed of thought. It is very simple and it is great; it makes us reflect.

The Marseilles drachma has for its sole merit its magnificent relief. The artist who made the dies was a master of the graver's tool; but he lacked the breath of inspiration. His chub-faced Diana is no better than a trollop.

Here is the *namasat* of the *Volscæ*, which became the colony of Nîmes. Side by side, profiles of Augustus and of his minister Agrippa. The former, with his dour forehead, his flat skull, his acquisitive broken nose, inspires me with but little confidence, notwithstanding what gentle Virgil said of him: *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*.³ It is success that makes gods. Had he not succeeded in his criminal projects, Augustus the divine would have remained Octavius the scoundrel.

His minister pleases me better. He was a great mover of stones, who, with his building operations, his aqueducts and his roads, came and civilized the rude *Volscæ* a little. Not far from my village a splendid road crosses the plain, starting

³The god made for us this leisure

from the banks of the Aygues, and climbs up yonder, tedious in its monotonous length, to cross the Sérignan hills, under the protection of a mighty oppidum, which, much later, became the old castle, the castelas. It is a section of Agrippa's Road, which joined Marseilles and Vienne. The majestic ribbon, twenty centuries old, is still frequented. We no longer see the little brown foot-soldier of the Roman legions upon it; in his stead we see the peasant going to market at Orange, with his flock of Sheep or his drove of unruly Porkers. Of the two I prefer the peasant.

Let us turn over our green-cruusted penny. 'col. nem.,' the reverse tells us. The inscription is accompanied by a Crocodile chained to a palm-tree from which hang crowns. It is an emblem of Egypt, conquered by the veterans who founded the colony. The beast typifying the Nile gnashes its teeth at the foot of the familiar tree. It speaks to us of Antony, the Don Juan; it tells us of Cleopatra, whose nose, had it been an inch shorter, would have changed the face of the globe. Thanks to the memories which it awakens, the scaly-backed reptile becomes a superb historical lesson.

In this way, the important lessons of the numismatics of metals might be continued for many a day and be constantly varied without departing from my immediate neighbourhood. But there is another science of numismatics, far superior and less costly, which, with its medals, the fossils, tells us the history of life. I refer to the numismatics of stones.

My very window-sill, the confidant of bygone ages, talks to me of a vanished world. It is, literally speaking, an ossuary, whose every particle retains the imprint of past lives. That block of stone has lived. Prickly spines of Sea-urchins, teeth and vertebræ of fish, broken pieces of shells and fragments of madrepores form a conglomeration of dead existences. Examined stone by stone, my house would resolve itself into a reliquary, a rag-fair of ancient things that were once alive.

The rocky stratum from which we extract our building materials in these parts covers with its mighty shell the greater portion of the neighbouring uplands. Here the quarryman has been digging for none knows how many centuries, perhaps since the time when Agrippa hewed Cyclopean blocks to form the stages and the face of the theatre at Orange. And here daily the pick-axe uncovers curious fossils. The most remarkable of these are teeth, still wonderfully polished in the midst of their rough matrix and as bright with enamel as in the fresh state. Some of them are formidable, three-cornered, finely jagged at the edges, almost as large as a man's hand. What a yawning gulf, a jaw armed with such a set of teeth in manifold rows, placed stepwise almost to the back of the gullet! What mouthfuls, snapped up and lacerated by those notched shears! You shiver at the mere thought of reconstructing that awful implement of destruction!

The monster thus equipped as a prince of death belonged to the family of the Squali. Palæontology calls him *Carcharodon megalodon*. Our modern Shark, the

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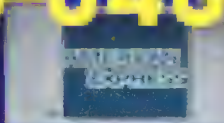


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terror of the seas, gives an approximate idea of him, in so far as a dwarf can give an idea of a giant.

Other Squali, all ferocious gluttons, abound within the same stone. It contains *Oxyrhinæ* (*O. xyphodon*, Agass.), whose jaws are furnished with curved and toothed Malay creeses; *Lamiæ* (*L. denticulata*, Agass.), whose mouths bristle with sharp, flexuous daggers, flat on one side, convex on the other; and *Notidani* (*N. primigenius*, Agass.), whose sunken teeth are crowned with radiating indentations.

This dental arsenal, bearing eloquent witness to bygone massacres, can hold its own with the Nîmes Crocodile, the Marseilles Diana or the Vaison Horse. With its panoply of carnage, it tells me how extermination came at all times to prune the excess of life; it says:

‘On the very spot where you stand meditating upon a splinter of stone, an arm of the sea once stretched, filled with warlike devourers and peaceful victims. A deep inlet occupied the future site of the Rhone valley. Its billows broke not far from your house.’

Here in fact are the cliffs of the shore, in such a state of preservation that, when I concentrate my thoughts, I seem to hear the thunder of curving billows. Sea-urchins, *Lithodomi*, *Petricolæ*, *Pholades*, have all left their signatures upon the rock: hemispherical recesses large enough to contain one’s fist; circular cells; cabins with a narrow opening through which the recluse received the incoming water, laden with food and constantly renewed. Sometimes the erstwhile occupant is there, mineralized, intact to the

smallest details of his *striæ*, of his scales, a brittle ornamentation; more often he has disappeared, fallen into decay, and his house has filled with a fine sea-mud, hardened into a chalky kernel.

In this quiet inlet, collected by some eddy from the surrounding sea-bed and sunk to the bottom of the oozes, now turned into marl, there are stupendous deposits of shells, of every shape and size. It is a molluscs’ burying-ground, with hills for tumuli. I dig up Oysters eighteen inches long and weighing five or six pounds apiece. One could scoop up from this enormous heap *Scallops*, *Coni*, *Cytheres*, *Mactræ*, *Murices*, *Turritellæ*, *Mitræ* and others too numerous, too innumerable, to mention. You stand stupefied before the intense vitality of the days of old, which was able to supply us with such a mass of relics in a mere hole in the ground.

This necropolis of shells tells us also that time, that patient renewer of the harmony of things, has mown down not only the individual, a precarious being, but also the species. Nowadays the neighbouring sea, the Mediterranean, contains hardly anything identical with the population of the vanished gulf. To find a few features of resemblance between the present and the past, we should have to seek them in the tropical seas.

The climate therefore has become colder; the sun is slowly approaching extinction; the species are dying out. Thus I am told by the numismatics of my stone window-sill.

Without leaving my field of observation, so modest and restricted and yet so

The Life of the Weevil

rich, let us once more consult the stone and this time on the subject of the insect. The country around Apt abounds in a curious rock that breaks off in flakes, not unlike sheets of whity-grey cardboard, which burn with a sooty flame and a bituminous smell. It was deposited at the bottom of the great lakes haunted by Crocodiles and giant Tortoises. Those lakes were never beheld by human eye. Their basins have been replaced by the range of the hills; their muds, slowly deposited in thin layers, have become mighty ridges of stone.

Let us remove a slab and subdivide it into flakes with the point of a knife, a task as easy as separating the superimposed sheets of a piece of paste-board. In so doing we are examining a volume taken from the library of the mountains; we are turning the pages of a magnificently illustrated book. It is a manuscript of nature, far superior to any Egyptian papyrus. On almost every page are diagrams, nay better, realities converted into pictures.

Here is a page of fish, grouped at random. One might take them for a dish fried in oil. Backbone, fins, vertebral column, the little bones of the head, the crystalline lens turned into a black globule: all is there, in its natural arrangement. One thing alone is absent: the flesh. No matter: our dish of gudgeons looks so good that we feel [11]tempted to scratch a bit off with our finger and taste this supersecular preserve. Let us indulge our fancy and put between our teeth a morsel of this mineral fry seasoned with petroleum.

There is no inscription to the picture. Reflection makes good the deficiency. It tells us:

‘These fish lived here, in large numbers, in peaceful waters. Suddenly a spate came, asphyxiating them in its mud-thickened torrent. Buried forthwith in the mire and thus rescued from the agents of destruction, they have endured through time and will endure indefinitely, under the cover of their winding-sheet.’

The same flood brought from the adjacent rain-swept shores a host of refuse, both vegetable and animal, so much so that the lacustrine deposit tells also of things on land. It is a general record of the life of the time.

Let us turn a page of our slab, or rather of our album. Here are winged seeds, leaves outlined in brown impressions. The stone herbal rivals the botanical clearness of our ordinary herbals. It repeats what the shells have already taught us: the world is changing, the sun is losing its strength. The vegetation of modern Provence is not what it was in the old days; it no longer includes palm-trees, laurels oozing with camphor, tufted araucarias and many other trees and shrubs whose equivalents belong to the torrid regions.

Continue to turn the pages. We now come to insects. The most frequent are Diptera, of moderate size, often very humble Flies and Gnats. The teeth of the great Squali surprised us by their smooth polish amid the roughness of their chalky matrix. What shall we say of these frail Midges enshrined intact in their marly reliquary? The feeble creature, which our fingers could not pick up without crush-

ing it, remains undisturbed beneath the weight of the mountains! The six slender legs, which the least touch is enough to disjoin, lie spread upon the stone, correct in shape and arrangement, in the attitude of the insect at rest. There is nothing lacking, not even the tiny double claws at the end of the tarsi. Here are the two wings, unfurled. The fine network of their veins can be studied under the lens as clearly as in the Fly of our collections, stuck on a pin. The antennary plumes have lost none of their fragile grace; the abdomen gives us the number of the segments, edged with a row of specks which once were cilia.

Even the carcase of a Mastodon, defying time in its sandy bed, fills us with amazement; a Gnat of exquisite delicacy, preserved intact in the thickness of the rock, staggers our imagination.

Certainly, the Mosquito, borne along by the floods, did not come from far away. Before he arrived, some turbulent streamlet must have reduced him to the nothingness to which he was already so near. Slain by the joys of a morning— a long life for a Gnat—he fell from the top of his reed, was straightway drowned and disappeared in the muddy catacombs.

Who are these others, these dumpy creatures, with hard, convex wing-cases, which next to the Flies are the most numerous. Their small heads, prolonged into a snout, tell us beyond dispute. They are proboscidian Beetles, Rhynchophoræ, or, in simpler terms, Weevils. There are small ones, middling ones, large ones, similar in dimensions to their counterparts of to-day.

Their position on the limestone slab is not as correct as the Mosquito's. The legs are entangled anyhow; the beak, the rostrum, is now hidden under the breast, now projects forward. Some display it in profile; others—more frequent these—stretch it to one side, as the result of a twisted neck. These contorted insects, with their dislocated members, did not receive the swift and peaceful burial of the Flies. Though sundry of them may have lived on the plants by the shore, the others, the majority, come from the surrounding parts, carried by the rain-water, which warped their joints in crossing such obstacles as twigs and stones. A suit of armour has kept the body unscathed, but the delicate articulations of the members have given way to some extent; and the muddy winding-sheet received the drowned Beetles as the ravages of the journey left them.

These strangers, coming perhaps from afar, supply us with valuable information. They tell us that, if the shores of the gulf had the Mosquito as chief representative of the insect class, the woods had the Weevil.

Apart from the snout-bearing family, the pages of my Apt rock show me scarcely anything else, especially in the order of the Beetles. Where are the other terrestrial groups, the Carabus, the Dung-beetle, the Capricorn, whom the wash of the rains, indifferent as to its harvest, would have brought to the lake even as it did the Weevil? There is not the least vestige of those tribes, so prosperous to-day.

Where are the Hydrophilus, the Gyri-nus, the Dytiscus, all inhabitants of the

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The Life of the Weevil

water? These lacustrians had every chance of being handed down to us as mummies between two sheets of marl. If there were any in those days, they used to live in the lake, whose mud would have preserved these horn-clad insects even more effectually than the little fishes and more especially the Fly. Well, of these aquatic Beetles there is no trace either.

Where were they, where were those who are missing from the geological reliquary? Where were the inhabitants of the thickets, of the green-swards, of the worm-eaten tree-trunks: Capricorns, borders of wood; Sacred Beetles, workers in dung; Carabi, disembowellers of game? One and all were in the limbo of the time to come. The present of that period did not possess them; the future awaited them. The Weevil, if I may credit the modest records which I am able to consult, must therefore be the oldest of the Beetles.

In the beginning, life fashioned oddities which would be screaming discords in the present harmony of things. When it invented the saurian, it revelled at first in monsters from fifteen to twenty yards long. It placed horns upon their noses and above their eyes, paved their backs with fantastic scales, and hollowed their necks into spiny pouches wherein their heads withdrew as into a hood. It even tried, though with no great success, to give them wings. After these horrors, the procreating ardour calmed down and produced the charming Green Lizard of our hedges.

When it invented the bird, it filled its beak with the reptile's pointed teeth and

suspended from its rump a long, feather-clad tail. These indeterminate and revoltingly hideous creatures were the distant prelude to the Robin Redbreast and the Dove.

All these primitives are noted for a very small skull, an idiot's brain. The prehistoric animal is first and foremost an atrocious machine for grabbing, with a stomach for digesting. The intellect does not count as yet. That will come later.

The Weevil, in his fashion, repeats these aberrations to a certain extent. See the extravagant appendage to his little head. It is here a short, thick snout; there a sturdy beak, round or cut four-square; elsewhere a foolish reed, thin as a hair, long as the body and longer. At the tip of this egregious instrument, in the terminal mouth, are the fine shears of the mandibles; on either side, the antennæ, with their first joints fitting into a groove.

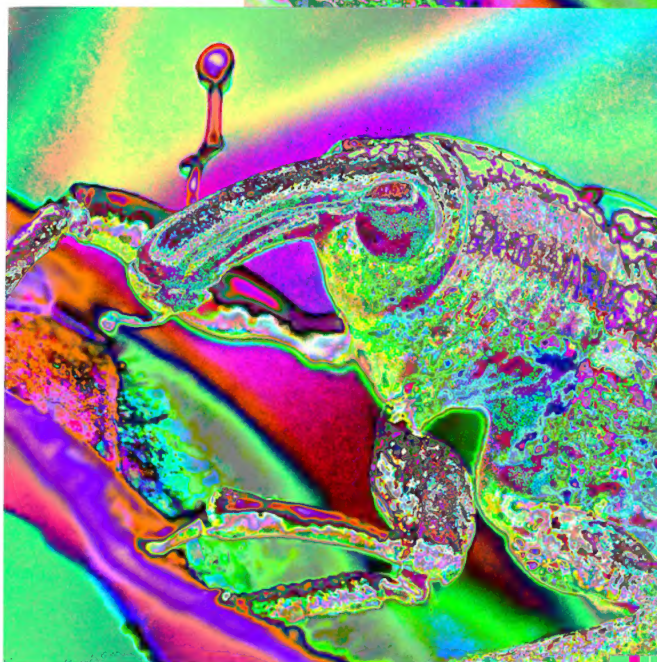
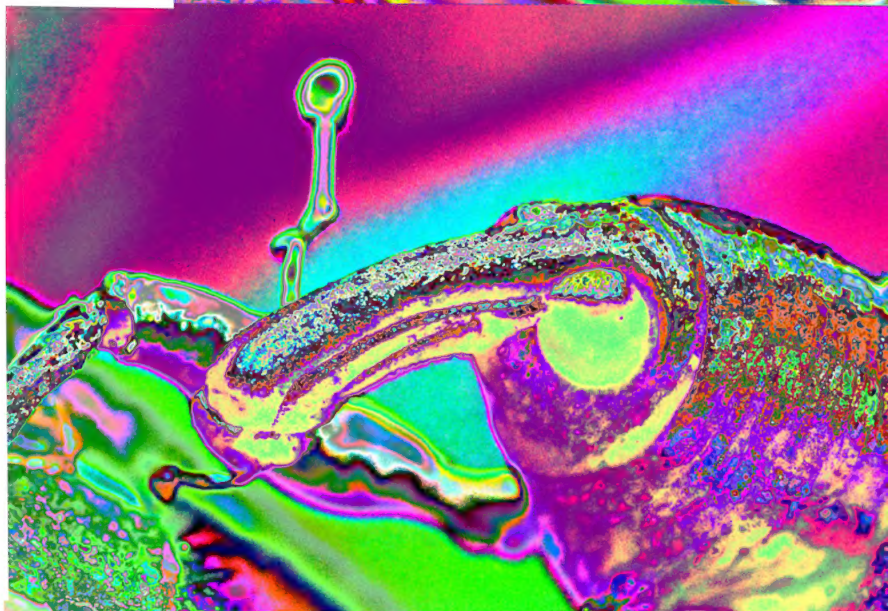
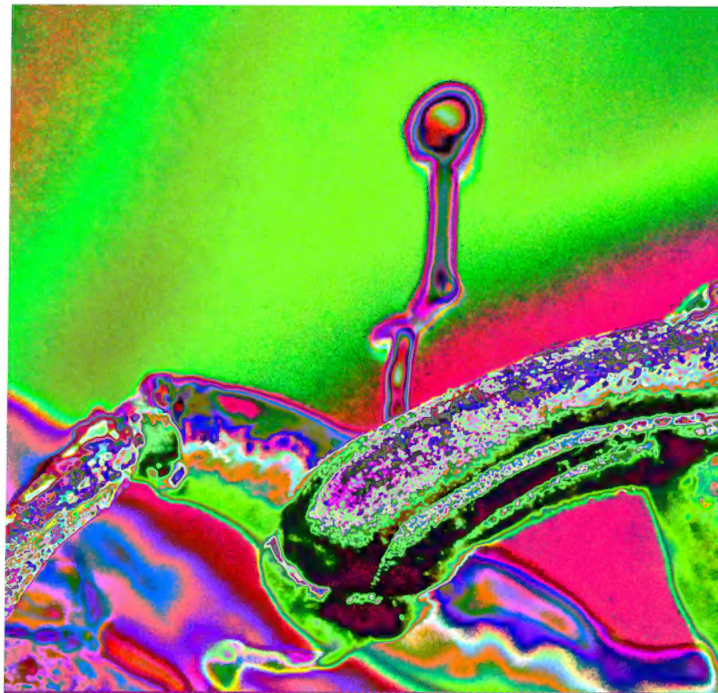
What is the use of this beak, this snout, this caricature of a nose? Where did the insect find the model for it? Nowhere. The Weevil invented it and retains the monopoly. Outside his family, no Beetle indulges in these nasal eccentricities.

Observe also the smallness of the head, a bulb that hardly swells beyond the base of the snout. What can it have inside? A very poor nervous equipment, the sign of exceedingly limited instincts. Before seeing them at work, we have a poor opinion of the intelligence of these microcephalics; we class them among the obtuse, among creatures deprived of industry. These surmises will not be greatly belied.

Though the Weevil be but little glorified by his talents, this is no reason for despising him. As we learn from the lacustrian schists, he was in the van of the insects with the armoured wing-cases; he was long stages ahead of those which were working out new forms within the limits of the possible. He speaks to us of primitive shapes, sometimes so quaint; he is in his own little world what the bird with the toothed mandibles and the saurian with the horned eyebrows are in a higher world.

In ever-thriving legions, he has come down to us without changing his characteristics. He is to-day as he was in the youth of the continents: the pictures on the chalky slates proclaim the fact aloud. Under any such picture I would venture to write the name of the genus, sometimes even of the species.

Permanence of instinct must go with permanence of form. By consulting the modern Weevil we shall therefore obtain a chapter closely approximate to the biology of his predecessors at the time when Provence was a land of great lakes shaded by palm-trees and filled with Crocodiles. The history of the present will teach us the history of the past.







IT'S SO OVER